My iron hand

William P 11\15\10

History 5-H

Hi my name is William Phillips. I will tell you a story about myself. A story that happened a few years ago.

A few years ago when I was living in New York, one day I was at home with my baby sitter. She was ironing some cloths. My parents were not there, so it was only the sitter and I. Well; I was just playing with my toys. Then the baby sitter said; William, I need to go check on the Mac and cheese, and do not touch the iron: Well, I was a rule breaker, and I got on a stool and put my hand against the hot part of the iron and screamed so hard and cried so much because I touched the iron. My baby sitter came in and ran to me. I was on the floor in tears.

My whole hand was bright red. The sitter ran to get some ice to put on my hand and then called my mother. When she came home she screamed when she saw my hand and she ran over to me. It took me a long time to stop crying. After a long time I looked at my hand and there was a big scar. It was a few years before I ever touched an iron again.

A few things you should know about me is that I am daring and not wise in some cases.